

1352 ✓
K THE
DEVIL'S FAREWEL:

O R, A

Parting Blow to the Duns;

A

P O E M.

CONTAINING

A *dismal, tragical, whimsical Affair*, which happened in *Dublin*, on *March* the 15th, 1755.

✻✻✻ N Saturday Night, at a Quarter past ten,
✻ O ✻ Old Satan broke loose, and elop'd from his Den;
✻✻✻ And sooner than one cou'd well toss off a Flaggon,
Had seated himself upon *Werburgh-street Dragon*.

His Intent was to know, and in Person to prove
How his Agents had manag'd his Kingdom above;
An Omen to take; when he cast round his Eyes,
And saw Bonfires as thick as the Stars in the Skies,
The whole City involv'd in one Il-lumination,
By my Grandame, said he, 'tis the last Conflagration:
So a Caper or two having cut, he came down,
To gather up his own both in Country and Town.

To the P——t H——e first by Instinct he flew,
To seize on the List of his good Men and true,
But the Birds were all flown, and the Nest was forsaken,
And his Agent in Chief, had by Flight sav'd his Bacon.

But who can describe his Amazement and Wonder,
When the Voice of the People, more dreadful than Thunder,

1755

March

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his Ears bad assail'd, as tho' done in Spight,
 With a Name he detested since † *Eighty and Eight*.
 All be damn'd, then he cry'd, but my Schemes are undone,
 And my Projects all blasted by *Daniel* and Son;
 The Mischief they made, tho' they meant it full well,
 They had Zeal to establish the Kingdom of Hell
 Hereafter shall none but a Devil of Parts,
 By me be admitted a Master of Arts.
 For this have I squander'd my Secrets of State,
 My Receipts to delude, to ensnare, and to cheat?
 I trusted to Fools my whole Art to betray
 Their Master with Safety, yet me to obey?
 A new lying Spirit for this did I set,
 The Mouths of a *Ban-don*, a *Gast*, and a *Brett*?
 I *Prophets* and *Poets* and *Preachers* inspire,
 With a double Degree of my Brimstone and Fire?
 To be baff'd at Length, when my Hopes were full blown,
 A Victim to fall to the *Bunglers* of *STONE*.
 Satan with Hips and with Spleen overcast,
 Thus reflected a while when his Glory was past;
 Till re suming his Spirits, hang Sorrow he said,
 Cast away Care, since no better I sped.
 But Revenge and Diversion I surely shall take,
 Therefore home I depart, and these Regions forsake.
 With a vindictive Spirit, like Lightning he flew,
 To where fair *Han-rietta S-r-r-t* opens to View,
 There *Virtue* tho' private all Hearts does command,
 And Vice, tho' in Pomp, is the Jest o' the Land;
 Where he soon reconnoitred his favourite School,
 Where Riot and Lewdness alternately rule;

† BOYLE.

Then



Then his Tail he compos'd, and extended his Foot,
And shot down the Chimney in Volumes of Soot.

Alarm'd at the Sight, the *whole* CONCLAVE arose,
Consisting of Gamesters, of Pathicks and Beaux,
With Looks full of Horror, tho' Heads without Care,
Dumb-founded they stood in Distress and Dispair:

First *P*—y broke Silence, Sir, sure you'll be civil,
I'm here but by Chance, and ne'er thought of the Devil;
My Complexion and Youth I conjure you to spare,
O! daub not my Cheeks, or disorder my Hair,
For sure as your Highness e'er look'd over Lincoln,
I'm innocent quite of the Thing that you think on;
How contemptible I, and how wretched my Case,
Shou'd I lose by your Frolicks the Use of my Face.

Next *C*——m spoke; my Offences are past, *Cunningham*
For I've marry'd a Wife since I saw you here last; *Miss Murray*
Oh! ho! quoth the Devil, that's a *rare Reformation*
The World to *finesse* by a sham *Consummation*;
As your Lady decrees, you shall go, or shall stay,
Procure then her Sentence, or straight come away.

Said *L of L*—ns, Friend Satan, I ne'er shall be sham'd, *Loftus*
Or think for a Frolick or two to be damn'd;
Tho' I sent you my *Wife*, I shall not go myself,
All I wanted of her was my *Freedom* and *Pelf*,

Then Counsellor *Full-bottom* fell on his Knees,
And declar'd to the Devil, he'd no Hand in the *FEES*;
Your Highness's *Agent* committed that BLUNDER,
Nor had I an Act or a *Part* in the PLUNDER.

Then *Billy* appear'd with a conscious Grimace, *Commissioner*
First look'd at the Devil, and then at his G——e, *Billy Bristow*

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Tho' I drudg'd a whole S-f-f-n from Conclave to Levee,
 I'm put off with the Moon-shine of ~~Cour~~ P-r-v-~~ny~~.
 Next Arthur approach'd with his SEAL in his Hand, *Hill*
 And cry'd, " what a Pity so glorious a Band, *Arthur Hill*
 Should now be discarded and turn'd out of Pay,
 'Cause our Leader deserted the Field without Prey,
 Please your Highness, we've acted with Spirit and Duty,
 Tho' we've lost by th' Attempt, both our Honour and Booty."
 In slides the old Goth with his Keys and Records, *Singleton*
~~Turning~~ ^{Assuring} the Devil he'd quitted the L-r-r-~~ds~~.
 the Bench, to promote a Friend and a Cause,
 Duty devoted to Satanick Laws.
 The Devil impatient at last grew with Anger,
 And swore he would suffer such Bunglers no longer;
 Then swift in a Whirlwind he carry'd the Dome,
 And landed the Conclave at his *sable Home*;
 There gnashing with Horror, they'll rue their base Tricks,
 When they meet their Friend *Butler* beyond River Styx.
 Now God bless our King, and continue his Reign,
 For Liberty's Cause and our Faith to maintain,
 Tyrants to quell, and to raise the depress'd,
 And his Subjects relieve, when by Faction oppress'd;
 When the Tricks of old France, the Ambition of Spain,
 The Force of Corruption, th' Influence of Gain,
 The Schemes of a Primate, the Votes of a Cap-e,
 All despise and abhor like PRETENDER and POPE.